

Augusta. Ga.

Thursday Jan<sup>y</sup> 13<sup>th</sup> / 59.

My dearest Lou.

Since I last wrote home from Raleigh we have made quite a jump and are just approaching that sunny region of flowers and orange groves whither we are bound. I am happy to say that we are now enjoying mild and clear weather and shall probably not suffer from the cold again until we turn our faces northward. A gentleman told us last night that flowers are actually in bloom here, but there are none anywhere near the Planter's Hotel, so I cannot send you any. Before we left I thought several times how pleasant it would be if you, dear Lou, could have gone with us, but since finding



out what kind of a trip it really is, I am heartily glad we did not persuade father to allow you to come. I never in my life saw two such miserable states as the Carolinas, not only with regard to the hotels, but even the scenery and people are far from interesting. Of course, railroads seldom traverse the most beautiful parts of a country, and all the way from Raleigh to this place, I declare there was nothing in the world to be seen but fields of cotton stubble, pines, and marshes, with every twenty miles or so a dreary, uncomfortable-looking plantation surrounded by negro huts; these appear to be made of logs and are seldom as cheerful-looking as Cassy's chicken-house.

Now I must tell you how things were inside the cars, not that such a description could be a pleasant one, but merely to give you an idea how people live in these parts. There seem to be scarcely any women travelling from place

to place, but hundreds of men of all classes so that  
it gave us a fair opportunity of judging of the  
appearance of this portion of the population.  
I know it is our Christian duty to feel a certain  
degree of interest & love in all our fellow-creatures,  
but, dear me! I could not but say to myself that  
I was far from holding such sentiments towards  
these men. For all my heart, I ~~was~~ met with  
such a slovenly, awkward, badly-dressed and  
in short, wholly uninteresting set of individuals;  
besides the long uncombed hair & dirty faces, the  
expression in many was such that it made one  
feel actually unpleasant to be sitting near them.  
On one or two occasions I begged mother to change  
our seats as I felt badly to be in the neighbor-  
hood of savage-looking men answering exactly to  
Mrs. Stone's description of the negro hunter or  
negro trader. I see now that as regards out-  
ward appearance, at least, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is



not at all over-drawn. I am glad to tell you, dear Lou, that mother is improving somewhat in health & spirits so that I am sincerely thankful we persuaded her to go away. Give my best love to Aunty Ray and Carrie & the rest of the family there, as well as in Sixth St. and tell them all to write to me, and not to think of waiting to receive letters first from me, for we are hurrying on to New Orleans so that we can hardly find a minute to write.

Write that diary of yours, dear Lou., and try to write to mother & me as often as possible.

Good-bye my dear - in a few moments we start for Macon Ga. where we spend to-night. With love

Yours devotedly Julia